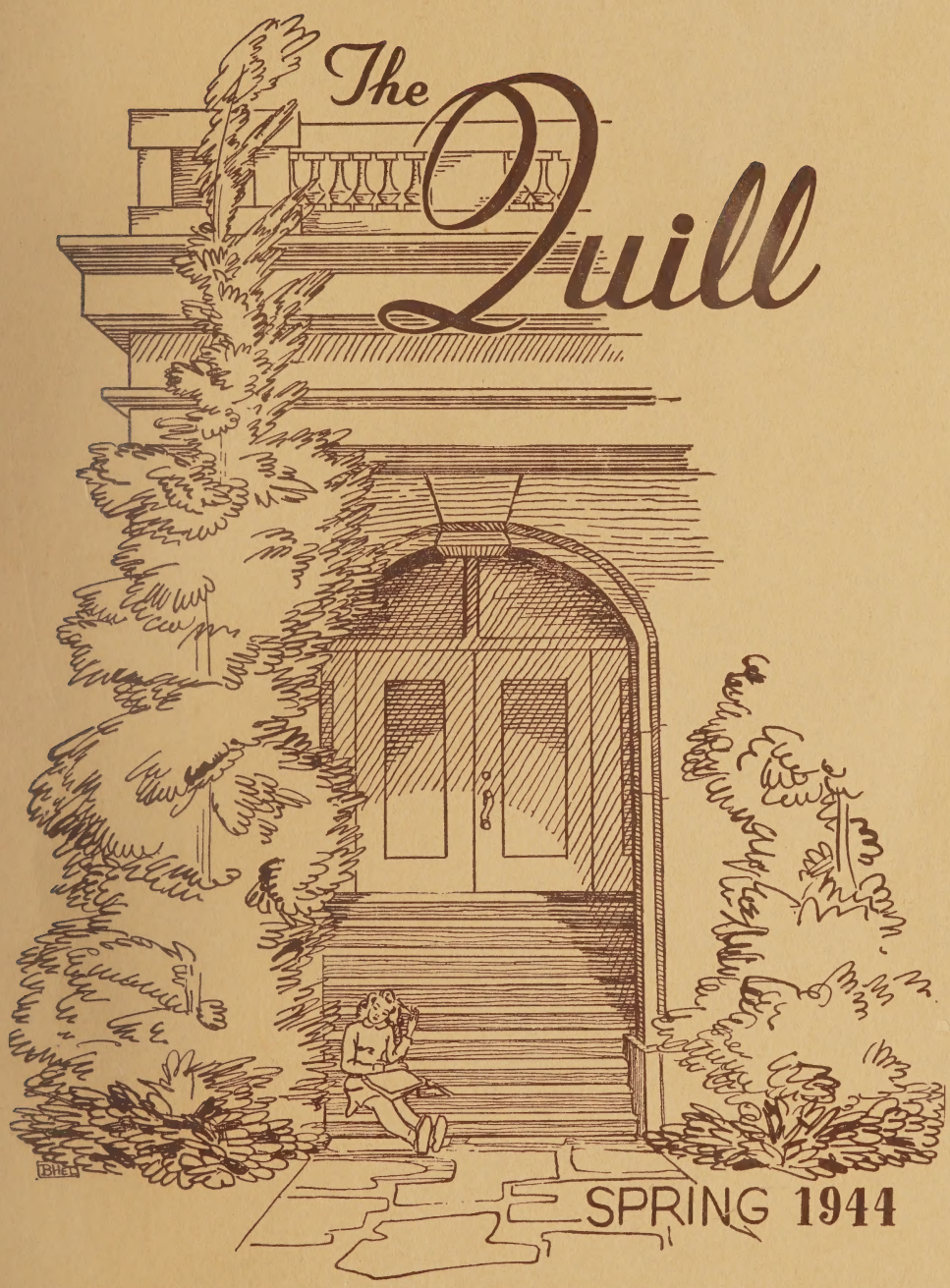

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VOL. XXI NO. 4

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The Quill

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QUEENS COLLEGE

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Eliza Mills

Diana

Margaret Scott Nisbet

The curtain of the night was torn,
And through its folds there gleamed a star.

Her face was raised to catch this gleam
Which shone so radiantly down
Despite the blackness of the night.
Her bow was mutely held aloft,
But yet it seemed to say, "I've sent
An arrow through the air
To a far goal I would attain."

The silent moonlight drifting down
Had touched her with a lifelike glow.
She turned and spoke with gentle voice:
"I keep my silent vigil here
Through storm or rain or moonlit night.
You've seen me, but you never paused
To see the goal I've set for you
And other laughter-loving ones
Who pass me in their daily rounds.
I ask of you in all you do—
Whatever it may be—just set
Your arrow for a star; take aim,
And wing it upward straight and true."

The Situation In India

Laura Sanford

EVER SINCE INDIA has been under British domination, there has been but one underlying thought and purpose behind every native political organization formed. That purpose has been the desire for self-government, for freedom from foreign control. But India has not been dominated in a tyrannical fashion. In fact, the policy of the British has been to educate her to the point where she will be able to take over the controls. Their goal has been to give India security and unity, to raise her social and economic level, and to develop her politically. But this task has been hard, almost to the point of impossibility. India is a country of political and religious factions which are so opposed in the separate beliefs that unity has been the basic problem from the beginning.

It was in 1609 that Britain first became interested in India. She did not enter then to conquer, but to trade. It was then that the East India Company was formed, and for the first hundred and fifty years thereafter she was interested only commercially. In the time of Queen Elizabeth, however, the government of India began to lose control, gradually disintegrating through lawlessness, and there was nothing to replace it but the East India Company. So in 1877 "Empress of India" was added to Queen Victoria's title.

India then, as now, was an asset to the British empire. She was a land of great agricultural and mineral resources. Today she has been developed through those resources and through a slow process of industrial revolution to the point where she now ranks with the eight leading industrial countries of the world, having over ten thousand factories and over forty-one thousand miles of railroads. She produces as much wheat as Canada, as much rice as China, and is second only to the United States in the production of cotton. Her potential resources have been estimated to be at least thirty-six billion tons of coal, three trillion tons of iron ore, and numerous mines of other ores such as manganese, bauxite, mica, and copper.

But despite her natural wealth, India is a country of extreme poverty. Although she has at least eighteen universities and over four million students, the percentage of literacy is under ten per cent. This low standard of education keeps her in a state of superstition, ignorance, and prejudice. And until the present situation is reversed to the point that the majority are educated, she will not be able to live as a democracy.

But India is not ready politically to become self-governing. She has always been a country of factions so opposed that no agreement could ever be made among them. The two main divisions in India are the Hindus and the Moslems, both groups being based on religious beliefs. The religion of the Hindus is one of superstition and oppression and is the cause of the chief problem in India today, the caste system. According to their belief, there are four castes or classes of people: the priests, the fighters and rulers, the traders, and the laborers. They believe that they are born to their station of life through reward or punishment for some previous existence and, therefore, that they cannot rise from one station to another. Unreasonable as this religion is, it is professed by four-fifths of the population of India today.

Politically, the Hindus are behind the Congress Party, of which the most influential member and by far the most influential man in all India is Mahatma Gandhi. Gandhi is a man of deep religious conviction and power, a man of such absolute sincerity that he has sacrificed everything for one purpose—that of striving for the freedom of India. His power over the Indian people is amazing. The masses are held by his religious, almost mystical manner; the leaders, by his own ability as a leader. He was born in the upper caste but has sacrificed everything in order to be on an equal basis with all his people. This is another explanation for his power in India. "The western world gives its respect to the man who starts with nothing and makes much. India reserves its plaudits for the man who starts with much and gives up everything."

Second in influence to Gandhi, both in the Congress Party and India, is Nehru. Nehru is an educated man, having attended both Harrow and Cambridge. Although opposed to Gandhi in several respects, he follows him completely and upholds him as the leader of India. Nehru is also striving for a Congress-controlled Indian government. He, too, has sacrificed much, has spent half his life in jail for his cause.

The only real rivals of the Hindus are the Moslems. They are far more advanced in Western ideas, being very democratic in nature. They recognize the equality of all men under God and are, therefore, decidedly against Hinduism because of its caste system. Their religion is more closely akin to Christianity in that the Moslems accept Moses and Christ as the first and second greatest prophets, respectively, but they believe that Mohamet superseded them both.

The political organization of the Moslems is the Moslem League, headed by Mohammed Ali Jinnah. Jinnah is a very practical man, not as powerful a figure as either Nehru or Gandhi, but a businesslike leader. His main purpose now is to prevent England from turning the government over to Congress because he knows the Moslem League will be obliterated and the Moslems oppressed. He favors the formation of a separate Moslem state, is completely averse to any cooperation with Congress.

Of the minor factions in India, the one which presents the greatest problem is what is known as the Depressed Classes, or "untouchables." These people are the lowest grade Hindus, who are ruled and often severely oppressed by the upper castes. They are naturally opposed to the caste system and, therefore, to Congress. Some live in outcast villages, but most of them work for the Hindus. They are forbidden the use of public wells and roads, and until recently, of schools and post offices. Under British rule, they have gained some rights, but what they want is equality and justice, not charity.

The Sikhs are another minor clique. A people with a religion all their own, they present only another group opposed to both the Congress and the Moslem League.

The British in India have unwittingly made themselves into a faction. The Indians have come to resent their air of superiority and are, therefore, opposed to them. So it is plain to see that India's problem is the achievement of co-operation among her castes.

How much have they done towards this, towards governing themselves? On the Governor General's Council there are eleven Indians to three Englishmen. In the Legislative Assembly there are one hundred and two Indian members to twelve British. But this is not real self-government. The final word is still with the Viceroy and England.

In 1942 this problem of self-government began to come to a head. Gandhi and the Congress, determined that the British should leave, started a program of non-co-

operation among the Indians. Vital war factories were closed down, and riots began to develop. The Congress demand, as an Englishman saw it, "that in the midst of a world war in which the fate of some two score nations and all hope of democracy anywhere is at stake, all powers of government in the vast Indian sub-continent be handed over to a single party, dominated by a mystic, hypnotic, and incalculable personality, subject to changing moods." Immediately the Viceroy had Gandhi and the Congress leaders imprisoned. Why? Why was Congress not given a chance? One of the main reasons was Gandhi's life-long platform of non-violence. He is utterly against bloodshed. "I will not fight the Japanese at any price," he says. The English cannot risk turning India over to a man like that. India would immediately be invaded and conquered by Japan, an entrance to China then made through her, and the whole outcome of the war perhaps altered.

In order to placate the Indian people, England sent Sir Stafford Cripps with an offer of independence. This offer guaranteed freedom for India, dominion status first. They were given the right to withdraw from the empire completely, the Moslems to have a separate state if they wanted it, the Congress to rule if enough voted for it, the minorities to have voice according to their number—all this, but on one condition, that they would fight the war first and under British direction. But this offer was refused: by the Congress party because "the provisions for minorities violated the conception of Indian unity;" by the Moslem League because the Hindus having the majority of people, would naturally be given the most power. Gandhi could not be persuaded in any respect. There were no circumstances under which he would fight. " 'It takes two to make a quarrel. If one side won't fight, then the other side gives in or at least goes away.' Gandhi would not admit that the humiliation and pain from giving in and submitting to the evils of Japanese rule would be worse than the suffering from driving them out by war. He says there are too many Indians for the Japanese to destroy." Mr. Cripps's offer could not have succeeded, because, as Mr. Moorehead says, "His mission was based on the belief that the Indians could be brought together by persuasion, which was impossible; that they wanted to fight the Japanese, which was doubtful; that they were strong enough to decide their own fate, which was not true."

But if India is not ready for self-government now, when will she be ready? The first major project to be attacked before she will be capable is the establishment of co-operation between the Hindus and Moslems and with the various other minority groups. Until this is an accomplished fact, self-government is out of the question. No satisfactory constitution could possibly be drawn up. With co-operation among these factions, independence could be a reality. As far as the British are concerned, there will be no release of India until after the war. Churchill, who is very unpopular in India, is against any liberation at all: "We mean to hold our own. I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire." Regardless, though, of his view, it will be almost impossible for England to retain India after this war. The basic issue in the present war is freedom. Imperialism is domination, and if that is what is to be obliterated, England can be no exception.

There are two courses left for Britain to pursue. Either she can work with the democratic, progressive groups, helping them to strive for co-operation among all the opposing elements, and, forgetting her own race superiority, help them to achieve independence; or else, she can, like Gandhi's plan of non-co-operation, fail to encourage democracy, continue her air of superiority, and bring on rebellion and her own expulsion from India. What will the outcome be? Only the future can tell.

Guinea

JANE KING

"Aw leggo, Fatso; come on, Tuck; we'll be late."

Tom pushed off the fat, insistent little hand tugging at his knickers and strode out the front door. Tuck followed, laden with baseball bat, mitt, and two balls.

The owner of the fat little hand flew to the side window as fast as his chubby little legs would carry him and stood with his snub nose pressed against the glass, watching with tearful eyes until Tom and Tuck reached the corner and went out of sight. Then he backed away from the window and began to walk round and round the room, repeating in a sing-song voice that kept strict time with his short steps, "You're too little; you're too fat; you can't run. You're too young anyhow; I'm eleven and Tuck's nearly nine—you aren't even six yet—you're too little; you're too fat." Then he stopped abruptly and, spreading his sturdy legs, proclaimed dramatically, "You can't do nothin', you can't. Guinea, you're just a little pest—you are,—you are—"

The last "are" faded a little, and, seeming to lose interest in his recitation, he wandered to the hall closet. After fumbling in the dark awhile, he emerged with a bat and ball obviously too well-worn to elicit anything but scorn from an eleven or even a nine-year-old. Struggling under the weight of his prizes, he finally reached the kitchen, where he was stopped by his mother.

"Where are you going with all that load, baby?"

Scarcely noticing her, "Playin' ball, mama."

"All alone?"

Looking up warily, "Well, no, kinda." Then he stumbled on down the back steps, muttering under his breath, "No baby, no baby."

If Mama hadn't gone to her room toward the front of the house, she might have witnesssed an interesting ball game. Guinea, scarcely able to lift the bat off the ground, would tip the ball toward the garage and then run aside and watch it roll, jumping up and down and hollering with all his might, "Run, Colic; run homer, Colic; run homer! Samebry's out; he's out, ump!"

Guinea had no idea what "homer" or "ump" meant, but he knew they belonged to the secret and intriguing language of baseball.

When he tired of his solitary game, Guinea wandered over to the garage, and, squatting with his back against the wall, he conversed with his players. He rattled on about going to a ball game some day with Tuck and Tom. He included Colic and Samebry-Coomby in his plans, because he said, "They won't even know you're there, because you can stay right beside me—they'll never see you. But you mustn't yell too loud at the game."

But Guinea's plan didn't reach fulfillment; every day after school Tuck and Tom went off with the other boys to play ball or see a movie or raid some mother's ice-box.

Guinea played with his two imaginary friends and lived for the day that all three of them could follow the older boys to the sacred sandlot.

Finally, after what seemed a long, long wait to a very small boy, Guinea decided that his opportunity had come. Mama had gone out for the afternoon, leaving Guinea home to be watched over by Tom and Tuck. But the crowd met at their house that day, and Tom and Tuck decided, after a long discussion, that Guinea should be left to play in the backyard while they went to the sandlot with the other boys. When they set out for the field, Guinea followed them, cautioning Samebry and Colic to be very quiet all the while. Then calamity struck. Guinea was sighted by one of the larger boys, who remarked in a derisive tone, "Tom, your little brother's taggin' along; I thought you said he always did what you told him to."

"Oh shoot! Come on, we'll take him back, Tuck—be with you guys in a minute."

Tom and Tuck descended on Guinea and dragged him, kicking and protesting, back into the yard. They plead with him, "Guinea, you can go some other time; we have a big game Saturday morning, and we have to practice—you're too little. You can go some other time; the boys wouldn't like it today."

But Guinea, his patience exhausted, would not be left; everytime Tom and Tuck went out the gate, he followed right behind. Finally, Tom decided that pleading wouldn't work.

"Look, let's play a game—how about Mexican bandits?"

Guinea, thinking they were going to stay with him, blinked away his tears and nodded enthusiastically.

"O. K., now we've captured you, and we have to bury you in the sandpile while we get some guns ready for our next raid, see?"

Guinea nodded again, a little skeptically this time. Tom and Tuck tied his hands together and buried him chest-deep in his sandpile. Then they went into the house ostensibly to get the toy guns.

"Look Tom, we'd better not leave him out there; mama might come home, and besides he'll be scared—not being able to move or anything."

"Now listen here, we'll have to go for a little while, or the boys'll laugh at us. We won't stay long, and we can let him use our mitts to play with after awhile."

So they left by the front door and raced down the block to the ball field, leaving Guinea, first expectant, then disillusioned and frightened, in the sandpile. He waited a long time and then called and called; and when they didn't come, he began to cry. The neighbors didn't hear him, and Tom and Tuck were racing around the ball field so fast that they didn't realize how quickly the afternoon was going by. Guinea squirmed and twisted in the warm sand, but he only seemed to get in deeper. After awhile he stopped struggling and crying and just waited for someone to come get him. Colic and Samebry came and sat on the sand beside him, and he told them all about being a bandit and then dozed in the sunshine.

Mama came home sooner than she had expected; and, not finding any of the boys, thought that they must have gone off to play at another child's house. She went to the telephone to find out where the children were; but, as she did, she noticed that the sky was getting cloudy and decided that she had better bring in some clothes from the line in the backyard and then telephone the neighborhood mothers. About the same time that Mama walked down the back steps with her clothes basket, Tom and Tuck noticed the cloudy sky and remembered Guinea.

Mama backed along the clothesline, stuffing clothes in the basket, and stopped just parallel with the sandpile to put the clothes-pins in a small box.

"Don't step on me, mama," came a sleepy little voice from the sand. "My legs don't feel, mama."

"Guinea! Guinea, baby, what in the world!"

Mama was getting Guinea out of the sand when Tom and Tuck ran panting into the yard and helped her carry Guinea into the house. His legs were numb, and he was so tired that he went to sleep almost immediately. The last thing he remembered was lying in his bed, with Mama rubbing his legs and Tom and Tuck sheepishly looking on.

About eight o'clock that evening Guinea awoke and trailed in his pajamas into the living room; the rest of the family were just sitting there. Daddy's face looked like a thundercloud, and Mama's mouth was a straight line. Tom and Tuck, seated side-by-side on the sofa, looked as though judgment day had come. Mama smiled at Guinea.

"Do you feel all right now, baby?"

Guinea didn't answer, but kept his eyes on the two set faces on the sofa.

"What'sa matter, Tom?"

Tom looked straight ahead, but Tuck favored Guinea with a rather sickly grin which seemed to say, "I'm sorry, but I have to do what Tom does."

Then Daddy spoke. "Come here, Guinea, and tell us what happened this afternoon. We know Tom and Tuck buried you, but they won't say a word. They are not going to the game Saturday. (Guinea saw Tom and Tuck wince.) Now tell us what happened, son."

An idea began to dawn on Guinea's little mind, but he pushed it away at first. He stammered and then, looking at the floor, said "They didn't do it, daddy."

"If they didn't, who did? And where were they?"

"We-e-ll, these boys from the next block did it, daddy."

"Where were Tuck and Tom?"

"They went to practice the ball game—they had to, the boys came—and I was aw right, I was aw right, daddy,"—his words ran together excitedly.

"Be quiet a minute, son. Now who were these boys who buried you; did you know them?"

"Ye-es, daddy."

"Who were they?"

Guinea looked at his brothers and then took a deep breath and said, "Colic and Samebry-Coomby."

"Who?" Daddy looked at Mama. "Who in the world does he mean?"

"He mispronounces names, Tom; he must mean some of those rough boys from Brookwood." Mama looked at Guinea with a puzzled frown on her face.

Guinea spoke again, "Please let 'em go on Sarday, daddy; they have to go Sa—"

"Is all this true, Tuck?"

All eyes were on Tuck. He looked doubtfully at his father, then Guinea, then at Tom, and said, "Yes sir, I mean—"

Mama, looking at Guinea's flushed little face with something suspiciously like tears of pride in her eyes, interrupted him.

"I think you can go Saturday; now all three of you go to bed—Tom, you and Tuck must go early tonight."

The older boys followed Guinea just a little respectfully into the big room the three shared; and when the door was shut, Tom said hesitantly, "Would you like to go to the game Saturday, Guinea? And say, who were those people you said buried you?"

Guinea nodded solemnly.

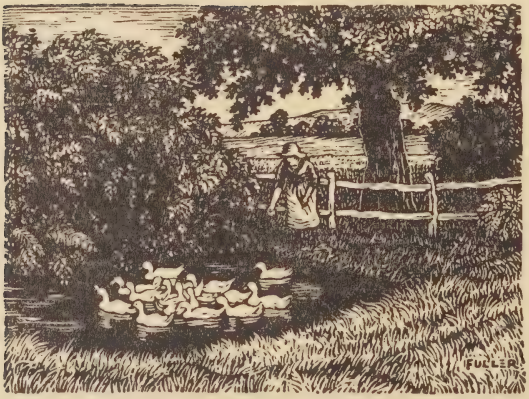
"I want to go." He would like to go, but he wished Colic and Samebry could go. Somehow he didn't think they would come to see him after what he told Daddy.

"Oh them—I just know 'em. I-I don't think they'll be back anymore."

The Kitchen at Brookgreen Gardens

VIRGINIA SCOTT

Beneath the oaks adorned with mossy threads,
Against the rusty hue of crumbling brick,
Azalias proudly stand with scarlet heads
Together in a sea of blossoms thick.
They screen the lonely kitchen as it stands
Apart, deserted by the house which once was there;
The kitchen, where before some deft black hands
Had labored much, large dinners to prepare.
The huge black pot still hangs upon its hook,
The great stone oven yet remains in place
As if they hope some age may bring a cook
With nimble hands and shiny, grinning face.
And though not much remains to show the past,
The memories the kitchen holds will last.



God in Nature

Doris Turner

When I remember how I used to look
Indifferently at works of God's own hand:
The yellow flower hid in crannied nook,
The tiny ant which scurried o'er the sand,
The brilliance of the stars so far on high,
The apple blossoms of a shade so rare,
The bluebird's color etched against the sky,
The flitting of the butterflies so fair;
When I remember as a child each sound
That then came vaguely to my unheeding ear:
The echo of the lark's call in rebound,
The gurgle of the lazy brook so clear,
I'm glad that as I grew I learned to see
How God through nature shows himself to me.

Radar, The Magic Echo

Ruth Ann Barber

ONE OF THE most startling inventions to be brought out since the beginning of the war in 1939 is radar, the mysterious secret of radio still unsolved to most of the people of the United Nations, and to those of the Axis Nations. Although the primary principles of this new invention are still kept secret, there have been many facts released as to the general idea of how these instruments work in locating airplanes, ships, and submarines in any weather conditions or difficulties. Much experimenting and research have been going on for the past two decades in trying to perfect this great miracle, but only within the past few years has it gained the credit and honor for so many of the vital services which it performs. Rear Admiral Harold G. Bowen is of the opinion that "There is no question but that radar has changed the whole course of history."

The term "radar" means ra-radio, d-detecting, a-and, r-ranging. Thus the definition is radio detecting and ranging. A clue to the operation of a radar set can be found in the name itself, since it is spelled exactly the same forward or backward. It works in the same manner: echo style. The instruments send out ultra-high (very short) frequency radio waves which reflect for a great distance the presence of enemy planes, ships, and submarines through fog, storms, or water. It is an apparatus which uses the same principles as the radio altimeter, except in reverse. The altimeter measures altitude above sea level by showing the air pressure, which increases with height. The altimeter is different from radar in that it works only one way, from the air to the ground, whereas radar works either way. The beams which are sent out travel at the speed of light, 186,000 miles per second. In other words, if a radar beam could travel around the earth at the equator, it could make the complete circuit almost eight times in one second.

The history of radar, though short, is very concentrated. It began back in 1922 when Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor, working with his associate, Leo C. Young, both of whom are research chemists, first noticed the reaction to radio signals from ships and other metal objects that passed by a transmitter operating at very high frequencies. At first they thought that these were just a nuisance to be overcome, but in 1925 they discovered that these rays would rebound from targets. In 1930 they succeeded in picking up some of the returned waves, and in 1934 scientists found a way to measure the time that it takes to send a beam out and have it return. Although many people have claimed to be the inventors of radar, in America Dr. Taylor is now given the credit for it.

It is interesting to note that the English also have a similar apparatus which they call the radiolocator. And Englishmen are of the opinion that had it not been for their radiolocator, Britain might have fallen during the heavy blitzes in 1940 and 1941. The first news of the secret weapon which enabled the English to destroy a good ten percent of all the planes that attacked their country on May 10, 1941, was released on June 8, 1941, by Lord Beaverbrook. This was the first official announcement of the radiolocator in England. By means of this device they have destroyed so many of the German planes since the spring of 1941 that there have been few raids of any kind on England since that time. The credit of the invention of the radiolocator is given to Sir Robert Alex-

ander Watson Watt. America, however, is given credit for being the first to discover this superhuman device. And Dr. Taylor and his colleagues will probably go down in history for having invented one of the most vital instruments for saving the lives of perhaps thousands and thousands of people.

What kind of radar the enemy has or how efficient it is is not definitely known, but it is a fact that they do have a device for radio detecting. One of the Commando raids made along the French coast on February 21, 1943, was made purely to capture intact the radar equipment at a station in Branwal, north of Havre. The mission was successful, but what they found out about the operation or abilities of the captured equipment has not been revealed. It has been made obvious during the last few months, however, that the apparatus of the Axis countries has been of little aid to them because our bombers have brought such great destruction and peril to their people; yet a very small percentage of our planes have been destroyed. This might, of course, be due to the fact that Germany and all her occupied countries are so large that it is difficult to make radar effective; whereas the British Isles are so small that it would not be hard to keep location stations along all the coastline.

As so often happens, a new invention is not fully appreciated until it has been silhouetted against the dark background of disaster. Thus it has been with radar. Radar's great opportunity in the Pacific was at Pearl Harbor, just as it had been in air battles over the English Channel. On the fateful morning of December 7th, 1941, Private Joseph L. Lockard, who was on duty at the radar station, detected the approach of planes and found them to be about a half hour's distance from the Hawaiian Islands. He immediately flashed the report to his superior officer, who, knowing that a number of American planes were due from the mainland, believed that the radar instruments had spotted them and, therefore, took no action. But they were the Japanese planes coming on their onslaught of treachery and destruction. Nevertheless radar had done its duty; so had Private Lockard, who was later awarded the Distinguished Service Medal and sent to Officers' Candidate School to be graduated as a lieutenant in the Signal Corps. Radar had proved its value. America was deeply aroused when the Roberts Report on Pearl Harbor to President Roosevelt stated that Lockard discovered what he thought to be a large flight of planes slightly east of Oaha and quite a distance away.

At the present time, of course, we think of radar in a purely military way, used for protection against a vicious enemy, but there will be many peacetime uses which will aid in much better and safer living conditions. Collisions of two airplanes traveling at the rate of perhaps six hundred miles per hour, crash-ups on fog-hidden mountains, trains colliding because of the failure of the flagmen and engineers, the danger of icebergs in shipping lanes—all these things will be overcome easily by the use of radar. It will not only prevent accidents of this type, but it will also be used constructively. The weather will be predicted by locating cloud masses; explorers will use portable sets to locate high distant mountains; surveyors will find it invaluable in measuring distances; astronomers will employ radar for learning more about the moon and stars.

David Sarnoff, President of Radio Corporation of America, is proud of the vital part that RCA has played in the development of radar. He has the following to say about it:

> Television and radar add new dimensions to radio; wireless telegraphy was its first dimension, and broadcasting its second. Application of these new developments of radio to peace opens new fields of service on land, at sea, and in the air.
>
> Radio instruments will emerge from the war almost human in their capabilities. They will possess not only a sense of direction, but a sense of detec-

tion that will open new avenues of service. The radio direction-finder, which heretofore had only an ear, now also has an eye. The safety of aviation will be greatly enhanced, for the aviator will be able to see the ground through clouds or darkness. By the scientific application of the radio echo, the radio "eye" will avert collisions, while the radio altimeter will measure the altitude and warn of mountains ahead or structures below.

American inventive genius has contributed much to the creation and perfection of radar as a great offensive and defensive weapon. I am happy to report that RCA Laboratories have been in the forefront of radar research and development. The radio-electron tube was the key to its application. I believe it now can be said that by the use of radio, and especially radar, the United Nations have been able to avert many disasters, save precious lives, and inflict damage upon their enemies.

It is certain that when radar is released from its wartime task of seeking out the enemy, this world will be a much better place in which to live. It will shine forth as another great light in the development of a world which will probably surpass all dreams of miraculous developments and unlimited advantages.

This Spring

Ann Perry

The first warm days of spring have come
And brought their happiness to some,

All filled with music made by birds
And people speaking gentle words,

And flowers slyly creeping through
Their blanket made of earth and dew,

And children making noises gay
While playing with the friendly day.

For all is slow and sweet and still
And happiness the world would fill.

The first warm days of spring have come
And brought their happiness to some,

But in my heart is winter still,
For there's a place that none can fill.

To Johnny

Dean Colby

Dear Johnny,

I wish you could have seen Nancy today. She was sitting by the window. Her beautiful face that has grown so thin was calm, composed. Somehow, she looked much older. In her hand was your letter. She must have known for a long time what would be in that letter. She must have known when she ran down to the gate to meet the postman this morning what he would have for her. I did not know. That is why she let me read it. She wanted someone to understand and to comfort her when the time came for her to cry. She let me read your letter; and, because of the things I learned from those few pages, I am writing a letter too. You will never be able to read it, for I cannot send it to you, but I must write my letter. It can never mean to you the things your letter has meant to me. So I shall keep it to read again when I need courage to face the trying days that must come.

When Nancy first came to me with stars in her eyes—how many weeks ago—and told me she was in love, I was surprised and not a little amused, surprised that my kid sister had suddenly grown up enough to think herself in love; amused that she should take her first little affair so seriously. She rambled on about you at length, painting you as the very essence of perfection, and then, her voice trembling with eagerness, she added ". . . and, Sis, the most wonderful part of it, he's coming to visit us next week! He is to have a few days' furlough, and since he has no family of his own, I persuaded him to come here. At first he refused, because being in the army and living in barracks so long has made him feel awkward and shy in a real home, I guess. So please be extra-specially nice to him! I do *so* want him to like us, and I know you'll like him. I can't see how anybody in the world could fail to fall for Johnny."

This was the first note of trouble. It was the first time she had mentioned names, and I was reluctant to ask, "Johnny who, Nancy?"

When she answered, "Lieutenant John H. Odom of the United States Air Corps, if you please," my heart sank, and my surprise and amusement turned to displeasure and anxiety; for I did not like you, Johnny. I had known you only too well, or so I thought.

Do you remember the day several years ago when we met? I was teaching at the little school near the air base. It was my first job, and because I was so anxious to make good—probably, too, because I was nervous and ill-at-ease—I became extremely careful about appearances and the people with whom I associated. You and two other cadets, flushed with success after your first solos, stopped by school one afternoon and offered me a ride home. I shall never forget how you laughed when I refused so curtly. You should never have called me a prig, though, because from that instant I disliked you intensely. And the rumors that came to me so often during talks with other girls added to that dislike. There were many stories about the devil-may-care Johnny Odom—his carelessness, his wild life, his complete disregard for everything that we considered conventional. Yet this very happy-go-lucky attitude of yours seemed to make you one of the army's top pilots in a few short months. I could so easily see how a girl could be at-

tracted by your good looks and, yes, by the charm that was yours when you cared to exert it. But I could not stand to see this happen to Nancy. I still thought of her as a sweet, naive, lovable child; and I determined then and there that you should not hurt her—not if I had the power to prevent it. Considering myself quite a strategist, I decided not to mention the matter to Nancy, but to settle the whole thing with you.

That is why I stopped you in the garden a day or two after your arrival and asked so pointedly, "Johnny, do you intend to marry Nancy?"

You paled a little under your smooth tan, and your mouth was set in a tight, thin line as you answered, "No, Jenny. I should like to—God only knows how much I want her—but I'm not going to marry Nancy."

I know now how much it must have hurt when I blazed, "That's exactly what I thought! You haven't changed a bit! You're just as careless and as irresponsible and as unfeeling as you were when I first knew you. You are a fly-by-night, going on your merry way, and never caring a whit what you do to other people's lives. Can't you see that Nancy thinks herself madly in love with you and is getting in deeper and deeper every day? Don't you *care* what you do to her? Don't you know that she's hoping with all her heart that you'll ask her to marry you before you go back? But you're right—you'll never marry her! It will hurt her either way, but the hurt will be far less if you leave now and never see her again. You aren't the man for Nancy, Johnny Odom! You aren't good enough to touch the ground she walks on, and she worships you! Heaven only knows what she sees in you. She will grow up soon, I hope, and will realize how very blind she was. You must promise me that you will go away and never see her again."

You answered quietly, "I promise that, Jenny. I realize that what you say is true. I'm not good enough for Nancy—no man will ever be. I had hoped one time to make myself worthy of her love. I even dreamed of marrying her. All that is changed now. But you are wrong in one respect, Jenny. It isn't Nancy who needs to grow up; it's you. You haven't known enough of love to realize that Nancy will never quite forget me or get over me, no matter how far away I go or for how long a time. You don't know that sometimes two people love each other so deeply that something of the joy and happiness that you have shared for a few days lasts always, in spite of people like you who try to laugh at it and make light of it.

"I won't marry Nancy, Jenny. I promise you that. And now you must make me a promise. You must never tell Nancy what I have said, and you must allow me to stay here, to be near her for the few days I have left. She would want that even if she knew. There won't be many more days—my furlough is over soon."

So we made an agreement, you and I. And I watched you and Nancy together during those golden June days and wondered how you could seem to care so much for her without caring enough to marry her. I wondered too how soon she would forget you when you were gone. You see, Johnny, for a time I had forgotten your words in the garden.

But those words came back to me when Nancy and I stood together in the foggy gray dawn a few days later watching your plane disappear into the east. Nancy's eyes were straining to follow that fading speck in the sky that was taking you away from her several days early. Her face filled with longing and utter desolation. It tore my heart to bits and I longed to comfort her, but I could not. What could I say? For the first time I doubted my wisdom, wondered is she could be happy without you. And you, Johnny, would you keep your promise?

This morning Nancy let me read your letter. I could picture you writing it—sitting at a little table in the airport cafe, writing hurriedly, trying to find words to tell her all that was in your heart:

"My Darling,

"I have waited until the last possible minute to write you, wanting you to know that all of my thoughts were of you in these last few hours. I will not come back to you, Nancy dearest. You knew that when I left you; I did not tell you, and you did not ask, but your eyes told me all the questions that were in your heart. I had hoped you wouldn't guess. I hoped to spare you as long as possible. But now you must know, and I want you to know why.

"Please do not feel, my darling, that I volunteered for this flight after I met you. If it had been then, if I had known what life could hold for me, I am afraid I should never have had the courage to face death. No, we volunteered long weeks ago for a suicidal job that had to be done at some unknown future date. At that time there was no reason why I should not sign up. My life had been an empty shell. Without a family a kid gets used to taking a lot of hard knocks and to giving them. I had lost sight of the fineness and the beauty that make life worth the struggle; so I signed up.

"Then I met you, Nancy, and you gave me all the love I had lacked for so long. You were all of the things I had looked for all my life. How could I help falling in love with you? And how could I tell you what today would hold, for I knew that you loved me too.

"Those first few days of my furlough were as near heaven as I ever hope to be. Then one lovely morning I received orders to report in three days. Darling, can you see how I could not bear the thought of telling you then? Those last three days had to be like the others.

"It was hard to give you up so soon, just after I had found you, but it was the right thing. This is the finest thing I have ever done, Nancy. It is the only thing that you can be proud of. You are the only reason I regret going; and strangely enough, you give me the strength to go, for only with you did I find life the glorious thing a man can die for gladly.

"And so good-bye, Nancy. Try to understand and not to be too sorry. Be happy always, and only remember once in a while that

I love you,

Johnny"

I read your letter, Johnny, and for the first time I understand you and the things you told me. Now I have grown up enough to realize that a man can be strong and fine underneath in spite of an apparent disregard for strength and fineness. I know that a man must have some purpose for living, for being, and even for dying.

More than that, Johnny, now I understand Nancy. She is not the child I thought her to be a few weeks ago. I had not looked deep enough to find that she was a woman, to discover the beauty you found in her.

Yes, I shall keep my letter. I shall read it and remember the things you have taught me, Johnny; and I shall always be grateful to you for teaching me to understand —to understand you, to understand Nancy, and through Nancy, to understand love. For I know now that true love does last always and is not to be laughed at and made light of. It was all there in my sister's face today. Nancy is young; she will be happy again, but you were right—she will never entirely forget you, Johnny, and I am glad.

Jenny

Beauty,
Moonlight gleaming on clear, white snow,
A bird's sweet call in early spring,
A rainbow after a summer shower,
Beauty.

Jean Fant

The Headless Horseman

Catherine Prizer

Into the woods the rider went.
Into the night he fled.
Against the wind his body bent
Away from bloody dead.

Upon his horse the rider clung.
He flew o'er spots untread.
He wore no coat; his shoulders hung—
A man without a head.

Oh, would his weary soul be free
Deep in the forest still?
No more the wars of men he'd see,
Nor hear the cry to kill.

The horse's hoofs made not a sound.
He dashed from battle call.
He rode in circles round and round
Among the trees so tall.

The noise of battle echoed still,
And would not fall behind—
A cry that said they'd die or kill.
He thought, "O fate, be kind."

For hours he rode and rode and rode
Through darkness thick and black.
The horse tired not beneath his load—
A ghost sat on his back.

For years he rode on mountain trails.
He galloped day and night.
He never lost the battle's wails
In all his hapless flight.

The people say he rides there still—
Forever fleeing battle sound.
He casts a shadow on the hill,
He rides across the ground.

When all the wars on earth shall cease,
And men shall live with men,
The headless horseman will find his peace
And gallop not again.

Dorothy Wordsworth's Claim to Greatness

June Holder

"Greater love hath no man than this—"

HOW VERY often do we underestimate the various powers in the private lives of the great men of the world—the powers which often deserve the reward for bringing the greatness of the man before the world! If the hidden secrets responsible for the success of the eminent were suddenly exposed today, the world would be astonished to find that in almost every instance the quiet and sacrificing service of another human being is the chief contributing cause of a man's greatness. Such, indeed, is the case of William Wordsworth, the first of all Romantic poets.

"We rested upon a moss-covered rock rising out of the bed of the river. William and Coleridge repeated and read verses. I—was in heaven." Dorothy Wordsworth in her Journal thus describes, upon one occasion, the feelings she experienced throughout her life as she and her brother shared their mutual joy—that joy which was the pure delight of feeling and identifying themselves completely with their one source of transcendent power, the world of nature. Nature was indeed the center of their lives, and it may almost be said that nature was their God. Wordsworth has been classed in the annals of English literature as the poet of nature and common life; and the guiding influence activating this poetic richness was his sister Dorothy. Others certainly exerted their own particular influence upon him, among them his wife; but it was Dorothy whose personality, because it was so inextricably linked with his, played the dominant role in his poetic life. Their relationship, moreover, embodied more than a simple friendship founded upon common interests. William and Dorothy were brother and sister; their mature life possessed the richness of the remembered joys they had shared in childhood; their various differences in personality deemed them complements of each other, one supplying that in which the other was deficient; and their one great similarity formed the joy upon which their life-long relationship was founded—their love of nature and the smallest forms of humanity. The world might never have recognized Wordsworth as the great poet that he is today had not his ardent sister exerted her forceful energy in his life. She brought his poetry and his philosophy to its summit of perfection because she *felt* with him and was *in* and *for* his cause. She did not make the man Wordsworth a poet—poetic genius is inborn—but she directed his poetic energies into the channel of perfection when they were in danger of being mortally injured; and she encouraged him, aided him, urged him, sympathized with him, and was a part of his poetic soul. How powerful is the force of a congenial, harmonizing fellow being!

Dorothy Wordsworth was a woman of remarkably deep sensibility and extraordinary insight. She possessed the poet's gift of feeling; and her Journal abounds with beautiful phraseology, descriptive of the world of nature that she and her brother so ardently loved. On the other hand, her knowledge of literature was irregular and unsystematic; and she was ignorant of many of the classic writers of her own England. She was ardent, fiery, natural, and fervent in her feelings, but embarrassed when she uttered them. She was deficient in the usual feminine accomplishments; but in whatever she did or did not do, she obeyed the impulse of her heart. Where it led her,

she followed. And, even though she knew little about many subjects, she possessed remarkable intellectual endowments; and what she knew lay where it could not be disturbed—in her heart.

Their personalities being compared, Dorothy and her brother are found to be remarkable complements of each other. She possessed a certain airy sprightliness and sweetness which he lacked; and if his powers of sensibility were in any way incomplete, her ability to feel and "see into the life of things" more than compensated for his deficiency. Although the brother was serene, stern, and gentle, the sister was fiery, ardent, and wildly natural. Both, however, were introvertive and retiring in the presence of others.

Wordsworth used Dorothy's Journal for material for his poems; and, since Wordsworth always hated correspondence, she even wrote his love letters for him. In addition, because writing in any form was irksome to him, she copied down his poetry as he composed it. How lovely is the picture of the two by the lakeside—Dorothy seated on the cool, fresh grass among the gentle waving "host of golden daffodils," earnestly committing to paper the smoothly flowing lines which fall from the lips of the young Wordsworth, who stands by her in pensive mood, his reflective gaze lost in the blue waters of the lake, as the scene around him becomes flowing verse in his mind. Dorothy, the ardent sympathizer, counselor, and confidante, has been compared by Thomas de Quincey to the Ruth of Wordsworth's poem by that name. Ruth gave her all to the Georgian youth even as Dorothy; and like Ruth, she for years was allowed

"To run, though not a bride,
A sylvan huntress, by the side."

Dorothy and William began their life together soon after his return from France at the time of the French Revolution. It was in this period and during the following years that Dorothy performed what was perhaps her greatest service to her brother. Wordsworth had been so impregnated with the ideals of the Revolution that he was a veritable radical in his ideas of government and the social brotherhood of man. For many years he nursed a stubborn grievance against his own country because it delayed aligning itself with the cause of freedom. Many of his sonnets expressed his ideas at this time. Wordsworth was admirable in his sympathies for the common man and in his ideals of freedom; but the danger lay in his excess, which led him to a wholly unfriendly and unhealthy attitude toward his fatherland. But fortunately, his guardian sister stepped in to direct him in the path of emotional stability. For it was through Dorothy's influence that he gradually emerged, purged completely from his radicalism. She it was who guided him in the way of conservatism and healed the breach between him and his own country. A definite proof of this effect is to be seen in Wordsworth's acceptance in later life of the position of stamp distributor. As he himself said of her in The Prelude, she softened his "oversternness."

In the following years Dorothy and William enjoyed many happy experiences in their life of communion with nature. Their chief diversion was found in their walking hours together. Mrs. Wordsworth often remained at home, preferring to attend to her maternal duties; but Dorothy was always ready to accompany him wherever he wished. They sometimes trudged as many as forty miles a day through rain and wind, but they both loved it. Perhaps one of the greatest sacrifices Dorothy made to her brother lay in these walks; for years later it was believed that she had probably injured her health by making these tours with her brother.

In many of his poems the brother has paid beautiful tributes to his adoring sister. "Tintern Abbey" perhaps contains the most touching of these passages in which Wordsworth expresses his gratitude to her and acknowledges her power to impress the lessons of nature upon him:

"- - - these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!"

He thus acknowledges service to him in the manner in which he could best show his thankfulness—his poetry. Dorothy gave her all to her brother; he responded by revealing her good works to the world in his verse.

Dorothy was always affectionate, generous, and unselfish to the poet's family. She and his wife, Mary, were the best of friends; and never was there the slightest hint of estrangement between them—perhaps because they both knew and loved so well the brother and husband. Both appreciated the poet and the man, although it was Dorothy who was the greater feeder of his poetic instinct. She yearned only to satisfy the humblest needs of the man, his wife, and his children.

Wordsworth has called Dorothy the "sister of his soul;" and that, in truth, she was to him. She was not merely his sister by being the child of his parents, but in a higher sense of spiritual endowment and affinity, for she fed his poetic soul. She guided, trusted, encouraged, and cared for him in the poetic as well as the physical sense. He himself said of her that she planted flowers and blossoms with her feminine hand upon what might else have been an arid rock. What greater tribute could a poet raise to a fellow being!

In the last analysis, the key to Dorothy's influence upon her brother is to be found in the meaning of her own name. As De Quincey declares, Dorothy, the "gift of God," well expressed her relation to Wordsworth. Her entire purpose in life was "to wait upon him as the tenderest and most faithful of domestics; to love him as a sister; to sympathize with him as a confidante; to counsel him; to cheer him and sustain him by the natural expression of her feelings—so quick, so ardent, so unaffected; finally, to engraft by her sense of beauty upon his masculine austerity that delicacy and those graces which else it never could have had." Of such material was Dorothy Wordsworth; and thus it is that she must take her place among the great women of the world. Her eminence was not of a gleaming kind; she did not run

". . . glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine . . . ".

On the contrary, her contribution to mankind is almost unknown. She made William Wordsworth the great poet that he is and will always remain because she guided his poetic power and helped him bring it to its fullest expression. Without her, he might never have deserved the claim which Matthew Arnold makes for him when he declares that Wordsworth is "one of the chief glories of English poetry." Dorothy Wordsworth realized as much as any other woman in history the true joy of humble service; and it was of her that her brother spoke when he declared:

"She gave me the eyes, she gave me the ears
And humble cares and delicate fears,
And love and thought and joy."

After Dunkirk

Nancy Lea Brown

MARY KNELT in the garden and began digging with her trowel. The brown earth felt warm and soft between her fingers, and the fresh spring air cool upon her face. She thought of the way she and Steve had always planted the garden. Steve had taught her exactly how to dig the round holes for the tomato plants, how to make a small trench for the cabbage seeds, how to burrow a tiny round well for the bulb plants, and many other things that she had not forgotten. He had known, Steve had, that these things would be useful and helpful to her when England was plunged into war.

As she worked, she thought of all the other things Steve had told her—his opinions of the war, his emphasis upon all the right things, the good, wholesome things in life, his philosophy. He had been good to her during the five years of their marriage, and she missed him now that he was gone. *I would rather have him with me now,* she thought, *than have him a hero.* She recalled the column in the paper. It had given Steve credit for shooting down four Nazi planes over Dunkirk. It had said that he had been faithful to the last and had gone down heroically in flames. She rebelled against the thought of Steve in a small cockpit, plunging to earth with no way of escape. He had loved life more than anyone she had ever known. He had taken pleasure in long hikes through the woods, in casting for trout in the mountain streams, and in everything that was outdoors. And when she received the news of his death a short time after Dunkirk, she was stunned into a silence that lasted for many days. Her mother consoled her as best she could, and it was her idea that she and Mary move to Parkshire where she would be away from everything that reminded her of Steve. Mary gratefully agreed with her mother's plan, and since they had been in the small new home she had found some release, a way out of her grief. When she became interested in the garden, she once more became alive and found pleasure in doing. Although her garden was much larger than the one she and Steve had had in the city and although she could not manage it by herself, it helped her to have something to do—and it brought her closer to Steve.

She sat back on her heels now and surveyed the neat row of tomato plants. All at once she heard the wail of the air-raid siren in the village. She looked up at the sky and saw nothing. *Oh,* she thought, *nothing will happen. There is never any danger in Parkshire.* Still on her knees, Mary smoothed the dirt around the slender stalks of the plants. They looked healthy and promising, standing in their neat rows. *I hope they'll grow,* she said to herself. *I think I've done everything right.*

Suddenly she heard a roar. She looked up. The planes of the enemy could be seen approaching like eagles. Fascinated, she stared; and, as she looked, she imagined the bombs coming down directly upon her. She shook herself as she watched the giant birds pass over to the north. She turned back to her work. As her eye caught the white picket fence which separated the plot of garden from her mother's flowers, she started, then caught her breath. The tall, rangy figure of a man stood there smiling. He wore a flyer's suit and a helmet, and his goggles were pushed up over his head so that his eyes sparkled. Even the huge buckles of his parachute straps shone brightly in the sun. *It can't be,* Mary thought. *It can't be Steve.* She got to her feet slowly.

"Hello, Mary." He came to where she stood.

"Steve! How—when—"

"I told you I'd be back—for you."

Wordlessly, she put her hand in his, and together they walked up the path to the small house.

The city paper of the following morning carried this news bulletin: "The enemy struck again for the first time in over three weeks in a daylight raid on Parkshire, seventy miles from here. The entire population of the small village and the inhabitants of several surrounding farms were completely wiped out. A list of the persons killed will be found on page six of this issue."

These I Have Loved

(In the manner of Rupert Brooke)

Margaret Scott Nisbet

These I have loved:
Bare trees like lace against the sky,
The drowsy drone of bees near by,
The pungent smell of pines beneath the sun,
The hazy days when autumn's just begun;
A mother's hands with gentle, soothing care;
A winding woodland path with flowers fair;
The ocean broad, and powerful, and deep,
And after work, the comfort of deep sleep;
The ceaseless throb of engines in a ship;
The graceful flight of seagulls as they dip
And soar above the restless, tossing sea;
The soft white clouds that form and flee;
The calming stillness of the sunset hour,
The mighty mountains which above me tower;
Green moss upon a rugged stone;
A child's warm hand within my own—
All these have been my loves.

Starshine

Ann Perry

ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl named Francie who had always wanted to see a fairy. Every night when she knelt by her bed to say her prayers, she finished with "God bless mummy and daddy; and, please, let me see a fairy." She could remember the many times that she had thought she was seeing one, only to find that her fairy was a bit of dandelion fluff or a stray moonbeam. She had wondered often what a fairy would look like. Would it sparkle like a star or shimmer like the lily pond? Would it be blue, or white, or maybe even many-colored? Francie had thought about fairies a great deal, but she had never actually seen one—until now.

Francie still found it hard to believe that she was actually in Fairyland. She had gone to bed as usual. Her prayers said, she had snuggled down into her bed with Pharoah, her teddy bear, tucked in beside her. The stars were shining, and she had peeked at a wee, baby moon over her left shoulder this evening and wished to see a fairy.

A faint glow at the foot of her bed caught Francie's eye as she lay in bed. When she looked more closely, she could make out a tiny person. Its clothes were so many colors that Francie could not think what colors they really were. She did notice, however, that the tiny creature's hair was gold, always moving as if a soft breeze were blowing through it. Her wings were like misty rainbows, and she carried a wand with a sparkling star on the end of it. Francie asked in a whisper soft with hope, "You're a fairy—aren't you?"

A laugh like a tiny silver bell came from the small fairy as she moved closer to Francie, "Yes, I am a fairy; my name is Starshine. I've come to take you to Fairyland; would you like to come?"

"Oh, yes," Francie answered, "I've waited so very long to see a real fairy. I was afraid I never would see one."

Starshine nodded her tiny head. "I know, but everyone who truly believes in fairies will see one. Now, quick, put on your bathrobe and slippers; and I shall take you to Fairyland."

Francie hurried into her slippers and bathrobe. Then Starshine commanded, "Close your eyes."

Francie shut her eyes tight. She felt a cool breeze on her cheek and something soft under her feet. When the fairy told Francie to open her eyes, she opened them slowly; then she blinked. Starshine smiled and said, "Francie, you're in Fairyland now. Come, I'll take you to meet the Queen of Fairyland."

"But," said Francie, worried, "should I go before the *Queen* in pajamas? It doesn't seem at all respectful."

"I'll fix that for you," Starshine answered. She waved her magic wand, and Francie was dressed in the same rainbow material as Starshine. She felt of her dress, and it felt like all the beautiful things in the world—a bluejay's feather, a cool stream of water, a velvet ribbon. "Oh, thank you very much," she whispered.

"Come now, Francie," the fairy commanded; "we mustn't keep the Queen waiting."

As Starshine floated ahead, leading the way, Francie got her first real look at Fairyland. Small, many-colored glimmers of light that were fairies were all about. When she and Starshine walked over a rainbow bridge, Francie saw a small, silver pool with sparkles like diamonds and tiny clouds on the surface. Looking again, she saw that the beauties were fairies asleep on cloud-beds, floating on their little lake. Francie glanced ahead and saw a small palace, softly glowing golden. A beautiful stream with a rainbow arch over it ran all around the palace. Starshine led Francie over the bridge and into the palace. The walks shone softly, lighting the room with a gentle beauty. Tiny birds of all colors—blue, pink, yellow—filled the rooms with their sweet music.

Starshine led Francie into the throne room, and Francie's heart hurt from the very beauty of it. It was a long room, filled with a beautiful, soft glow. And, instead of a carpet leading to the throne, there was a multi-colored cloud, soft and springy. But the most beautiful thing in the room was the Queen. From her small slippers to her tiny gold crown she was beautiful. Her clothes were made of woven rainbows, and she wore a necklace of dewdrops. Francie made a small, frightened curtsy before her.

The Queen's voice was as soft as a rose petal and as clear as a raindrop. "Hello, Francie, we're glad you have come to visit us."

Francie did want the Queen to like her. She answered in her softest voice, "Thank you, Your Majesty. I've always wanted to come."

"Starshine," the Queen said, "take Francie out to the garden and get her something to drink."

Starshine bowed and started to the door. Francie followed her from the room and out into the garden. She was sure that it was the most beautiful garden that could ever be. Through the center ran a stream, curving around a group of weeping willow trees. Tiny birds of all kinds had made nests in the fruit trees—apples, peaches, plums —all weighted down with fruit. Grass was deep and green around the flower beds, which were alive with the many colors of the flowers planted there. A bank at one end of the garden was covered with honeysuckle, and it was there Starshine led Francie.

"Do you know how to drink from honeysuckle?" she asked.

"No, I don't," Francie answered curiously.

"Just break the green part off the bottom, and suck," Starshine instructed her.

Francie tasted the warm, sweet juice. "Um, it's good," she said; "will it make me sick?"

"Not if you don't drink too much," Starshine assured her. "You must hurry, though; it's getting late, and you must go back home soon."

Francie took one last sip of honeysuckle as she looked at all of the beauties about her.

"Come," Starshine said, "close your eyes."

Francie shut her eyes. She again felt a cool breeze on her cheek; then there was something hard underfoot. She opened her eyes to find that she was in her room again. Her lovely clothes were gone, and she was dressed again in pajamas. Starshine was standing on the window sill, and said to her, "Good-bye, Francie."

"Good-bye, Starshine," Francie answered, "thank you very much for taking me."

Starshine smiled and disappeared. Francie took off her bathrobe and slippers. "I've been to Fairyland, really, truly Fairyland," she whispered.

Desire

BETTY BARBER

I'd like to see a cherub pink,
Perching on a cloud's soft brink.

I'd like to see an angel white,
Sparkling with a heavenly light.

I'd like to see a fairy blue,
Bathing in a drop of dew.

I guess to see these I must be
A little child who's just turned three.

A Call

LAURA SANFORD

I love the mountains best of all.
They seem to be from God a call
To leave our lives of every day
And come and follow in his way.
The tall, majestic peaks that rise
Like stately spires to azure skies,
A mighty rushing waterfall
That leaves one feeling very small,
And moonlit lakes with frogs acroak,
And crickets' songs in every oak,
And trees with sunlight flickering through
To lacy patterns of grassy hue,
—All freely given from God to all,
Inspiring us to hear his call.

Springtime

VIRGINIA SCOTT

Oh, now the air is warm and sweet,
And young folks frolic on the street;
Old people sit and sun like kings,
And turn their thoughts to other springs.
The birds play tag among the trees,
And shrubs are raided by the bees.
The yellow jonquils stand in row,
And close behind the tulips grow.
The pansies dance among the rocks,
All dressed for spring in purple frocks.
Oh, spring is winter's bright rainbow,
Contract from God that life will grow.

Song Hits

Mary McGill

RICHARD GRANT glanced expectantly over the crowded floor of the brilliantly lighted *Casino*. But, as his eyes traveled from table to table, they narrowed and grew cloudly with disdain.

"Same old crowd," he muttered to himself. The questions and doubts that scurried through his mind on other nights seemed suddenly clearer and more vivid.

"Why can't my orchestra get a break? We're just as good as any of those bands that play in those ritzy places where Lana Turner and Betty Grable go. The only trouble is no one who can get us anywhere ever comes to this joint. It's always the same crowd —young school kids, soldiers, and elderly patrons—the school kids out for a big time—the others just passing time. None of them are really interested in the music. That blonde woman in black over at that corner table—just staring into space . . . No, there's nothing going to happen to us as long as we're stuck here. Nobody's coming here but plain Clarktown people. We've got to find a place where things happen."

Grant turned his tall, suave body back to the jovial group of musicians before him. Absently he raised his baton, and the muted strains of his theme filled the room, mingled with the frenzied clapping of a group of young admirers.

The theme came to an end, and the orchestra began a medley of old hits.

The eyes of the blonde woman at the corner table lighted up suddenly; she bit her quivering lip, slowly lowered her head, and twisted the plain gold band on her finger. Her thick blonde hair swung in her face, forming a backdrop for her smooth, even profile.

"We'll Meet Again. They were playing that the last time we were here. . . . It was new then. Just one year? Yes, one year. Isn't it funny that they should play that tonight. . . It's almost as if they knew. . . Chris had just enlisted then. . . It was soon after Pearl Harbor. . . . I'm glad now I didn't let him know how afraid I was. . . He thought I was so brave. . .

"He looked so grand and noble in his uniform—as if the whole responsibility rested on his manly shoulders. . . It was the next day we were married. . . And then—he left. . . 'Keep your chin up, Lee,' he told me at the station. He didn't know. . . ."

Lee's thoughts turned painfully to that beautiful spring day—a scarce month ago—when the telegram had come. "We regret to inform you" . . . it had read.

"No . . . it's all a bad dream . . . it couldn't have happened to us . . . why—why, we were so happy . . . " A wry smile twisted her tight red lips. "Midway . . . Midway . . . bomber pilot . . . I remember when he used to hang around the airport at home before he went to military school. His mother begged him not to fly. . . A lot of things would have been different if he hadn't had such a wild love for airplanes. . . But I won't think about that . . .

"I'll get a war job. I'll take his place here at home. . . I—I'll keep my chin up."

Richard Grant raked a smooth, tanned hand across his black hair and shot a quick glance of disapproval at the saxophone player who had missed his cue. What was he looking at, anyway? Oh—that couple at that far table on the right. Did look as if they were having some argument. He probably wanted to go home and go to bed.

"No, William, I've made up my mind for good. I'm going to Reno."

"B—but Catherine . . . " the middle-aged man seemed stunned by his wife's declaration. True, she had threatened it before, but he had always considered it an empty threat.

"But Catherine," he began again, "couldn't we make one last try? I'm sure it's been mostly my fault. I know we can make our marriage last if we try hard enough. Can't we have just one more try, Catherine?" There was a note of helplessness in his voice.

"No, William, we've said the same thing too many times before—and it hasn't worked. No, I've thought it all out, and I'm convinced that it's best for us both." She spoke in a deep, business-like voice.

William seemed suddenly to have become resigned to his wife's decision. But his voice was husky several minutes later when he spoke again.

"Catherine, have you thought about what this will mean to Cathie?"

"Yes, I've thought about that, too. Cathie is in college now. She won't be home much now, anyway. She won't have much need for us. She'll be visiting her friends or traveling in the summer. No, it won't affect her."

"Well, it's getting late, and I must be going. But you see your lawyer as soon as possible. The sooner everything's over, the better."

"Yes, Catherine, I'll see my lawyer." He smiled bitterly as the orchestra played "Now and Forever."

"Begin the Beguine! Rather unusual request for a soldier and his gal to make. Usually it's something fast—But here goes."

The soldier and his girl sat at a table in the middle toward the front. There was a far-away look in the girl's eyes as her lips formed the words of her old favorite.

"I remember the summer that came out," she thought, "—several years ago. It was the summer mother started the tea-room. That was a hard summer. Mother worked continually. But she was never too busy to watch over me. She was always ready to stop what she was doing to help me, to clear up some problem that was worrying me. . . I remember when she used to sit with me in the swing on summer evenings, and she would talk to me about life—about the problems I would face, the decisions I would have to make. I can hear her telling me now: 'Ruth, whatever you do, remember this: the present will some day be the past; you don't want yours to have anything in it that will make you ashamed or sad in the future. The past is irrevocable; you have only the present.'

"No . . . I can't do this thing. . . . I have only the present . . . only the present."

"Ruth, you've made up your mind."

"Yes, Jim, I've made up my mind. I can't do it."

"Why, Ruth, I thought I'd convinced you. It's my last furlough. I'll be sent across in no time, now. I may be killed. We may never see each other again. Just one week-end, Ruth."

"No, Jim, I can't have it in my past . . . "

"Ruth . . . "

"No, Jim. You understand, don't you, Jim?"

"Yes, Ruth, I understand."

"Well I'm glad one more night of this is over," Richard Grant mumbled to himself as he watched his boys close up their instruments and disband.

His drummer stepped up to him. "Hi, maestro, where are you going?"

With a hard look Grant turned to him. "Think I'll take in a late movie. Think there's a Western on down the street."

And he lighted a cigarette and strolled away.

Book Reviews

STEPHEN VINCENT BENET: *Western Star*

JUNE HOLDER

"AMERICANS *are always moving on.*" The first line of Stephen Vincent Benét's great new narrative poem, WESTERN STAR, describes both the author and the spirit of the book it begins. WESTERN STAR is the story of the birth of America, of the spirit of a great people—a progressive people. It relates the beginnings of a nation in action—a young, thriving, productive nation.

Even so was its author, Stephen Vincent Benét, before his recent tragic death. He also was always moving on. When the war came, he laid aside his own work and devoted his energies entirely to the service of his country. Millions heard his many radio broadcasts and read his poems in newspapers and magazines. Mr. Benét held a position in the esteem of America rarely ever before achieved by an American writer; for he truly gave his all in patriotic service. Indeed, he gave his life for the country he loved so well.

WESTERN STAR is the final lofty tribute Mr. Benét paid to America. His patriotic fervor breathes through every line of the poem, and the book may be said to be the crowning gift that its author presented to his country. But the work as published is only a fragment. It is Book One of a much larger plan, intended to present the entire story of the western migration of peoples, first as they came to America and then as they spread westward through America toward the Pacific. It was to be a long narrative poem of possibly five books, but at the time of the author's death only the first was found completed. The book, however, is a fragment only in that it originally was to have been a part of a larger work; for WESTERN STAR as it stands is complete in thought and needs no additions for perfection.

Book One, as stated in the poem, is "*of the sea, and the first plantings and the men.*" It relates, with effective realism, the settling of the Jamestown and Plymouth colonies—why men came from England, their first impressions of America, and finally their unquenchable pioneer spirit which was to guide them toward the West. The author chooses a few isolated figures while they are yet in England, gives account of their separate reasons for joining the colonists, and describes their adventures upon arriving in America.

There are accounts of adventurous and dramatic events that are most impressive and moving. An example is the description of the first hard winter of the Pilgrims. The bitter cold, the starvation and death, and the mounting desperation of those brave pioneers are presented with striking power of description. Fascinating, too, are the excellent descriptions of the ordinary aspects of the life of these early people. There are many realistic touches, inserted, the author declares, to prove that those pioneers were human beings, "*not merely ancestors.*"

The poem has great beauty of line, which proves it to be the work of a true poet. The very fact that it is written in verse gives the work a certain appeal which prose seldom has. In addition, the meter and line are varied to avoid monotony. One of the most repeated notes is that the early settlers came not to found a United States; they came for various personal reasons—adventure, lust for gold, religious freedom, and others. But, as the poem asserts,

". . . the seed is sown, and it grows in the deep earth,
And from it comes what the sowers never dreamed."

And so the United States was born unintentionally out of hard, hearty, and wholesome potentialities for sound growth and production. The writer presents other thoughts worthy of quotation, but the most impressive of all is contained in the title itself—Western Star. There was the wind of the western star which blew through the nations—and from this wind grew the greatness of America. And the wind yet blows; for still Americans are guided by the *"sharp star"* and continue their progressive movement forward. This, essentially, is the author's message to his people—expressed in some of the most beautiful poetry of our day.

Stephen Vincent Benét has written a great book for today. Its appearance at this time accords it particular significance, for never has a work breathed more patriotic expression. It should appeal to every American in these times of special patriotic vigor, to Americans whose way of life is being threatened from outside forces, to Americans who are fighting to retain their Four Freedoms. It is for all Americans who are *"always moving on"* and who are ready to declare with Stephen Vincent Benét:

"Now for my country that it still may live,
All that I have, all that I am, I'll give.
It is not much beside the gift of the brave
And yet accept it since 'tis all I have."

Etta Shiber: *Paris Underground*

Mary McGill

THE MESSAGE of this absorbing story of the underground régime of Paris is the message that an old French peasant sent to Americans when he learned that Etta Shiber was returning to the United States. As they rattled along the road in his low, rickety ox-cart, the old man straightened up with a new energy, his eyes lighted up, and he spoke in behalf of 40,000,000 countrymen as he implored: "Tell them we expect them. Tell them not to delay. We are ready. The sooner they come, the stronger we will be to help them." It is also the feeling expressed by the proprietor of a small French restaurant where Mrs. Shiber stopped for a bite to eat before curfew. "You remember, Madame, what your General Pershing said when he arrived in 1917—'Lafayette, we are here!' The Americans saved France then, and we know they will save us again. That is our last hope, our only hope—your country. We know she will not fail the people of France."

Etta Shiber, an American citizen, was living happily in Paris with her friend Kitty Beaurepos when the news came that the Germans were advancing on the city. On the morning before they entered the gates the two women decided to escape to Orleans; everyone else, however, had made the same decision, and the roads were so congested that at the end of the day they were only twenty-five miles from the city. It was an easy job, then, for the German Military Patrol to overtake the procession by nightfall and turn it back towards Paris.

It was on this return trip that the two women were initiated into the underground organization of France. Unable to leave to the mercy of the Germans a young R.A.F. pilot of Dunkirk whom they found hidden in a suburban hotel, they hid him under the back seat of their car, concealed him in their apartment, and finally managed to slip him into the unoccupied zone and from there on to England.

Encouraged by success, Kitty determined to spend her money and time in helping English soldiers escape from the Germans. She and Mrs. Shiber soon became allied with an organized group and were to get nearly two hundred across the border before they were discovered by the Nazis. The intrepidity of the patriots, their ingenious schemes to outwit their enemies, and their cruel punishment comprise the main features of the story.

Through an exchange of prisoners Mrs. Shiber was allowed to come back to this country with American consuls and ministers returning because of the war. And it was while on board the Swedish ship *Brottningholm* that she began her realistic portrayal of occupied France.

The close unity of these people, the unyielding courage of every citizen, and their cool defiance of Nazi decrees and threats convince the most casual reader that France is not dead. A group of Parisians in an air raid shelter sang loudly and lustily "Tipperary" and "God Save the King." A small boy, obliged to earn money to buy food for his family, contemptuously refused to sell newspapers—the easiest and most profitable job he could have found; he would be spreading Nazi propaganda. The poor peasant spoke for a nation when he said: "We are ready." Mrs. Shiber says that since her return to the United States she has been troubled by a sense of guilt—guilt for herself for being here in safety, guilt for her countrymen whose indifference and complacency astound her. She knows that across the ocean there are those who are "suffering, struggling, and dying under the heel of the oppressor."

We can learn a lesson from Mrs. Shiber's story, a lesson of the strength and power of human solidarity. Looking on these oppressed people and their persistent defiance in the face of apparent defeat, we should realize that these people will never be subdued. The book is convincing and timely.

Freedom—
The right to work, to save or spend
The right to try, to speak, to act
The right to learn, to think, to live—
Freedom

India Boozer

Editorials

THIS EDITION

Creative expression of thought and feeling in literature, art, and music has kept alive the best in man down through the ages. In this war year of 1944, these higher values are in danger of being crowded into the background by the increased pace of wartime living. It is a sacred duty for those of the young who are still in a position to do so to keep the torch of creativeness burning until we have won the right for the whole world to hold it high.

With the formation of a Publications Board at Queens at the beginning of this year, the three student publications have gained new importance and impetus. We are proud of the interest in our efforts which has been evidenced by the entire school. In this edition of the QUILL, the first to be published since 1941, we have endeavored to collect examples of outstanding achievement from the literary work done on the campus this year. We hope by this edition to maintain the traditions of the past and to encourage more students to participate in this phase of campus activity. And, as the years pass, we hope to establish the appearance of the QUILL as an outstanding event on the college calendar, and contributing to it a high privilege. Ultimately, our purpose is to keep alive and nourish on our campus the spark of literary endeavor which will undoubtedly play a great role in building a better world in the future.

THE GREATER QUEENS

When a girl goes home from college, one standard question she must answer at least a dozen times is, "How do you like your school?" The standard answer is, "Oh, I love it." Sometimes that answer is just the easiest thing to say; sometimes it is deeply sincere. There has been a spirit shown on our campus this year that leads us to believe that a Queens girl speaking that answer falls into the latter classification.

The year 1943 marked the beginning of a campaign to improve and enlarge Queens in every way until at last she reaches an ideal which has been set up in the hearts and minds of each of us. The resources are being collected, and as soon as men and supplies are released, work will begin on the new buildings. Of course, this campaign has been carried on principally by the administration and interested citizens of Charlotte, but every student did everything she could to further its interests. We entertained visitors, we withdrew from the dining hall and ate at the sorority houses when the need arose, and a group of music students sang at campaign dinners and on radio programs. Every girl in school was interested in that first drive of the campaign; we waited to hear the results like Republicans waiting to hear from primary elections. Each of us has her own mind's eye view of how the "Greater Queens" will look. "Queens-1957" has been used this year for many programs, for two stunt-night skits, and as the subject of many a campus conversation.

That last item is important, because it shows that the girls give a great deal of thought to and enjoy talking about and planning for the Queens that is to be. Part of a conversation which we overheard recently expresses somewhat the way the students love Queens now and hope and plan for her continued improvement. "When I have a daughter and the time comes to send her off to school, she's going to want to come right up here to Queens. I like it as it is now, but for her class Queens will be larger and much better equipped than it is for mine. I can't wait to bring her up here and introduce her to the 'Greater Queens'—which was during my college days a picture, an ideal, and a hope in the heart of every true daughter of our Alma Mater."

WAR ACTIVITIES AT QUEENS

Last September a War Service Committee was set up at Queens for the purpose of organizing and helping to carry out student war projects. This group, advised by a faculty committee, decided upon six projects to be worked on during the year.

On our own campus scrap metals and newspapers have been gathered up from each of the dormitories and the Day Students' Building. Also, tin cans from the college kitchen have been prepared for collection. The committee conducted a campaign to conserve electricity, and posters reminding the students to turn out all lights as soon as they had finished using them were placed in all of the college buildings.

Queens has made a good record in the organized national drives. One hundred per cent of the faculty and servants and over ninety-five per cent of the students contributed to the War Chest Drive. Children's clothing or money for clothes was collected to be turned over to the local branch of the Needlework Guild. This clothing was distributed to the children of men serving in the Armed Forces. During the national Red Cross Drive boxes for contributions were put in all of the dormitories, in the Day Students' Building, and in Burwell Hall.

Perhaps the most outstanding work done by the War Service Committee has been in the sale of war bonds and stamps. In the fall a drive to buy an artillery communications airplane was conducted. The students went well over their goal, and a commendation from the Secretary of the Treasury and a Minute Man flag were presented to the college for this accomplishment. During the Fourth War Loan Drive the students had a goal of $5,200. They had raised over $10,000 before the drive was concluded, and in the name of the War Service Committee an additional $70,000 was put into war bonds by the college. For the rest of the year the committee's goal is to sell war stamps to at least ninety per cent of the students every month.

These have been the war activities of the Queens students during this year. They have tried in every possible way to help win the war, and they are proud of their accomplishments.